

Here *Jones* interrupted him, saying, ' I will  
' be so far from making any Words with you,  
' that I will give you a Shilling more than your  
' Demand.' He then gave him a Guinea, bid  
him return to his Bed, and wished him a good  
March; adding, he hoped to overtake them be-  
fore the Division reached *Worcester*.

The Serjeant very civilly took his Leave, fully  
satisfied with his Merchandize, and not a little  
pleased with his dextrous Recovery from that  
false Step into which his Opinion of the sick  
Man's Light-headedness had betrayed him.

As soon as the Serjeant was departed, *Jones*  
rose from his Bed, and dressed himself entirely,  
putting on even his Coat, which, as its Colour  
was white, shewed very visibly the Streams of  
Blood which had flowed down it; and now,  
having grasped his new-purchased Sword in his  
Hand, he was going to issue forth, when the  
Thought of what he was about to undertake laid  
suddenly hold of him, and he began to reflect  
that in a few Minutes he might possibly deprive  
a human Being of Life, or might lose his own.  
' Very well,' said he, ' and in what Cause do I  
' venture my Life? Why, in that of my Ho-  
' nour. And who is this human Being? A Ras-  
' cal who hath injured and insulted me without  
' Provocation. But is not Revenge forbidden  
' by Heaven?—Yes, but it is enjoined by the  
' World. Well, but shall I obey the World in  
' Opposition to the express Commands of Hea-  
' ven? Shall I incur the divine Displeasure ra-  
' ther than be called---Ha--Coward--Scoundrel?  
' --I'll think no more; I am resolved, and must  
' fight him.'

The